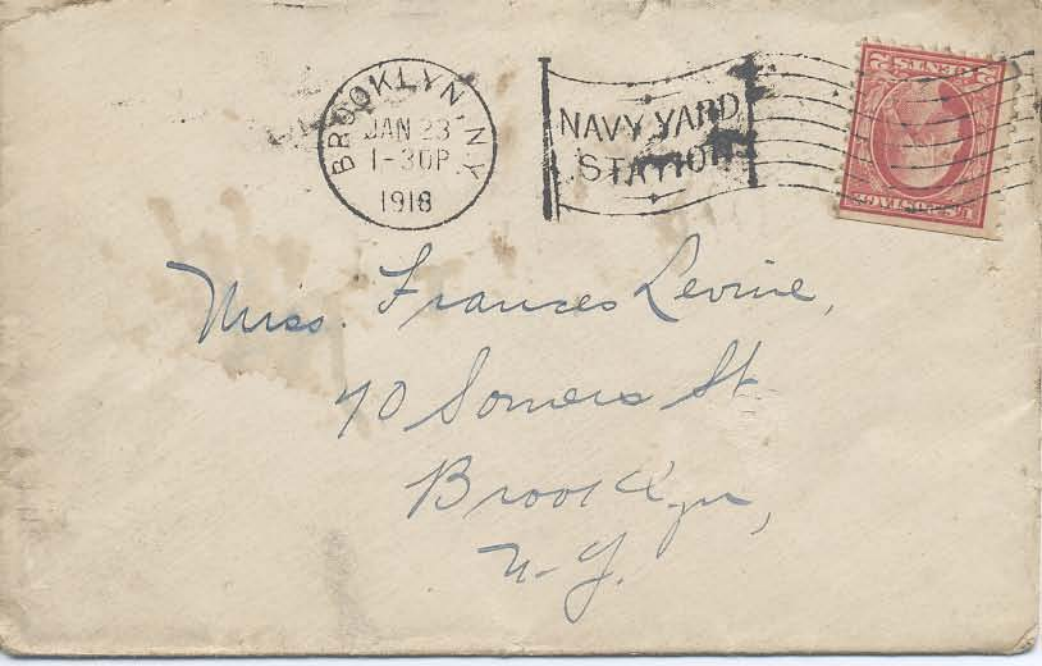

January 23rd, 1918.

Darling Wifie:-

Got down to the barracks this morning, dead tired. I got home last night after 12 & before I got to bed, it was 12:30, so you see, I didn't have much sleep, so I got up 4:30 this morning. When I got to the barracks, it was only 6 o'clock, so I laid down & fell asleep up till 5 minutes to 7. Anyway, I'll go to bed very early tonight.

How are you, Loots? How are you feeling to-day? When did you go to bed last night? Did you have a good rest? I hope so. Did you have a hard day down at the dispensary? Don't work too hard, dearie, y hear?

The Captain just came in, so will have to go to work pretty soon, but will continue for a little while.

I am so anxious to hear what

Sadie has to say to herself over her conduct towards Sy, last night. Now, frankly speaking, weren't you angry over what she did? Believe me, she's lucky it Sy. She's getting away with murder.

How's George's tooth? Did you have much trouble with him last night? Hope not.

Will have to close now, sweetheart, for me, with all my love to you.

Loving you
Stubby.